

CHANGES:

O R,

Faction Vanquish'd.

A

POEM.

Most humbly Inscrib'd to those Noble Patriots,
Defenders of their Country, and Supporters of
the Crown,

The Not Guilty LORDS.

Non nobis solum nati sumus sed etiam patriæ. Cic.
Nostrisq; ductum seditionibus
Bellum ————— *Hora.*

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MEMORANDUM

the Crown,
Defenders of their Country, and Supporters of
Noble Family, intended to those Noble Patrons,



The Not Guilty LORDS

Non nobis solum sed universis hominibus
Nostris deus testimonium perhibet
Etiam

The Introduction.

THrice hail, ye heav'nly Fair, harmonious Nine,
With boundless Fancy, aid my great Design,
So high a Subject needs a help Divine:

Be near t'assist my tender unskill'd Pen,
With Notions great, and a Satyrick Vein,
To praise the best, and lash the worst of M E N.

With your engaging Charms my Breast inspire,
The brightest sparks of your Celestial Fire,
And sweetest Musick of your tuneful Lyre:

With Thoughts which made the Ancient Heroes bold,
Such Thoughts as ye bestow'd on Bards of old,
Who the wond'rous Feats of those same Heroes told.

Had I the sense of D—'s flowing Brain,
The great R—'s sweet and solid Strain,
Or W—'s profound, but keenest Pen.

Had I but sprightly D—'s biting Muse,
Or E—'s, in native Wit profuse,

A Theam so great, such Pens as theirs wou'd chuse.

Then wou'd I soar on my poetick Wing,
The Godlike Acts of *British* Heroes sing,
And thro' vile Traitors force my sharpest Sting.

Then wou'd my Muse such wond'rous things relate,
Such curs'd Designs form'd by late Knaves of State,
(But watchful Heav'n did guard us from their hate.)

That all the curs'd, seditious Imps below,
Who no Delights, no Joys but Mischief know,
Cou'd ne'er such Stories in their Annals shew.

Then I'd the Deeds of worthy Peers rehearse,
Who timely did the threat'ning Storm disperse,
Their Names shou'd ever live in my Immortal Verse.

Those Patriots, (who undaunted did appear)
Despis'd the greatest Dangers, tho' so near,
But such great Souls with such a Cause can't fear.

The J—o I'd attack, that curs'd Cabal,
 Their Crimes expose, their conscious Hearts appall,
 Till they'd wish for Death t'avoid a greater fall.

Their hired Scriblers then shou'd feel my hate,
 Their Tatler too, who was infatuate,
 To leave his Visions for a trick of State.

But since I must on my weak strength rely,
 Whose aid is small; ye tuneful Nine be nigh,
 T'inspire my Quill, and keenest Wit supply.

That when our Patriots Acts my numbers grace,
 Who the Seditious vanquish'd, and the base,
 Our Tempests calm'd, and blest'd us with sweet peace;

Then bright, perswasive Eloquence shou'd shine,
 Her forcing, graceful Charms adorn each Line,
 With smoothest Words, and Notions all Divine.

But when the vilest Monsters of the Age,
 Faction's curs'd Profelytes do blot the Page,
 With foul, but true relations of their Rage;

Then biting Satyr shou'd my Pen employ,
 Than which no sting the Soul can more annoy,
 Whose pointed Darts do wound but don't destroy.

Let sacred truth in ev'ry Line be shown,
 That all may see, who right, who wrong have done,
 Thus set in proper Lights each Party may be known.

When Britain's Queen, our late Victoria, came
To see the world, and all the world was glad
To see her face, and all the world was glad
To see her face, and all the world was glad

But we who want the change, among our selves
The change, the change, the change, the change
The change, the change, the change, the change
The change, the change, the change, the change

CHANGES:
OR

Faction Vanquish'd.

POEM.

WHEN *Anna* first the Glory of our Isle
The British Sceptre sway'd;
Propitious Heav'n did on her Actions smile
And all her Counsels aid;
Then able, faithful Statesmen were employ'd,
'Twas then uncommon Blessings we enjoy'd,
Our State serenely calm, our Foes destroy'd;
Bright as a heav'nly Star she shone,
Her People were
Her only Care;
While Mercy and Justice did strictly guard her Throne.
A Queen so Great, so Good, so Mild, so Just,
The wond'ring World ne'er saw,
Who wisely cou'd discharge so great a Trust,
And keep her Foes in awe;
Her Senate true, her Subjects blest the Day,
Which made them happy in her gentle way,
And strove with graceful Bids who'd most obey;
Then Heav'n and Earth did jointly sound,
Let *Anna* live,
Sweet Peace to give,
To the distracted World, and heal it's deadly Wound.

Then *Europe* fear'd our Just, Victorious Arms,

When Flaming Vengeance hurl'd,

Mix'd with the dreadful noise of War alarms,

Did terrify the World:

Lov'd by our Friends, and dreaded by our Foes,

Relief to all who our Protection chose,

But Death to them who dar'd our Rights to oppose,

What Nation bless'd with Gifts like these,

Wou'd seek for more,

To increase their store,

But we who want the chief, among our selves true Peace.

For Faction still pursues with endless hate,

Great Britain's Sacred Throne,

Loves to confuse the calm united State,

And by a Prince alone

Distracted Anarchy was still her aim,

'Tis then she Reigns, and plays the surest Game,

Unhinging quite bright Order's beauteous frame.

To Monarchy a bitter Foe,

She *England* taints,

Rebellion Saints,

And waits her time to give another fatal Blow.

The restless, plotting Fiend with sorrow found,

By *Ann's* Glorious Reign,

Her Mischief-working Hands in Fetters bound,

And all her Plots made vain,

With Fury swell'd, black Curses she did cast,

Warr'd with her self, her hellish Limbs she tort'rd,

And welter'd in a flood of her own gore,

At last her burning Anger broke,

With Smiles constrain'd,

And calmness feign'd,

Thus in spiteful Terms the repining Fury spoke,

Shall I to *England's* Monarch ever yield,

And hide my blasted Face?

Shall it be said I tamely quit the Field,

To let her Reign in peace?

No, I'm resolv'd; I'll War eternal wage,

With *Britain's* Queen: Ever my utmost Rage

And all Hell's Subjects in my Cause engage

Yet I am strock'd when I behold

Her Progs of State and Rank

So Just, so Great,

In all thier Counsels wise, in all thier Actions bold.

Tools fit to aid my Purpose shall be choic'd, Whom none will
 Such as do hate the Throne, The King shall all
 Who would be damn'd before they'd prove the King's
 Or Faction's Cause disown;
 Then honest Fools, (who private Interest from
 Who think they for their Country's good were best
 Shall no more like splendid Rays the Court adorn
 The plotting Whigs shall quickly rise,
 So nice a twine
 Our Int'rests join
 When either is destroy'd, the other surely dies
 To make their Party great, and not the Country's

But may triumphant Whigs for ever reign,
 Their Power know no bound,
 Let Britain ever wear their servile Chain,
 And Monarchy be bound
 A Commonwealth then shall appear once more,
 My lov'd Confusion we'll again restore,
 As when old *Noll* did tyrannize before;
 When all our Plots are firmly laid,
 I'll mount the Sky,
 And from on high
 With pleasure view the curs'd disorder I have made,
 And long with glee

This said, the Fury smiling straight withdrew
 Into each whiggish Breast;
 Her baleful Venom o'er the Nation flew,
 And robb'd her of her rest;
 The easie Queen, by Fav'rites led astray,
 Was then advis'd to let the Whigs bear sway,
 She thought it for our good, they gain'd the Day,
 By gilded Words thus lull'd asleep,
 They sat upon
 The Regal Throne,
 To her they gave the Name, themselves the Pow'r did keep,
 With Heaven in their mouths

The British Patriots modestly resign'd,
 Their loss they counted small;
 But inwardly their noble Souls repin'd
 To see their Kingdom fall;
 The faithful *Harley* met a rigid Fate,
 Loyal, yet thought a Traitor to the State,
 No fault, but that he was both Good and Great,
 Unfortunate without offence,
 O impious time!
 When 'twas a Crime
 We shou'd undaunted stand, our Country's sure defence,
 The

Now uncontroll'd the Rampant Whigs
 The King, all their own ends to serve
 Injur'd by the Whigs, the Whigs by the King
 No Queen, no Crown, no Throne;
 To gain th' untimely popular Applause,
 A specious Title borrow'd from the Cause,
 No word was said, but 'twas the Cause,
 With holy Cant, and seeming Zeal
 They understand
 Gain'd sole command,
 To make their Party great, not help the Common-Weal

Unhappy Britain, thus to be betray'd,
 Thy Monarchy pull'd down,
 By those who're bound by sacred Ties to aid,
 Support and Guard thy Crown,
 Unnatural Vipers, void of Piety,
 To bind your Hands, when they shoud let thee free,
 Make thee a Slave, yet talk of Liberty!
 How monstrously they Virtue seign,
 To seek thy death,
 Who gave them breath,
 And long with greedy Eyes to see their Parent slain.

The Rights of Church and State they still maintain'd,
 True, that's a whiggish boast,
 But pray in what has either of them gain'd,
 We find they both have lost;
 Those Laws that were not for them, they did break,
 But then that all shoud in their favour speak,
 The old were burnt, that they might better make,
 The greatest Rakes, but Saints by name,
 They'll Whore and Rant,
 And Preach and Cant,
 With Heaven in their Mouths, but never in their Hearts

Thus had this Isle, (by various Changes tost,
 Tread by the base and proud)
 The native Lustre of her Glory lost,
 Hid by a Hell-born cloud;
 In vain she conquer'd all her Foes abroad,
 In vain the bulwark of her Allies stood,
 When sunk at home, beneath a grievous load,
 Triumphant Laurels crown'd her Brow,
 Vict'ry in State,
 Did on her wait,
 Yet her all-conquering Neck to homeward Knives did bow,
 The

The Whigs now thought their hunted prey secure,
 They saw us in distress,
 Our curs'd intestine Broils, they did procure,
 Flatter'd them with success;
 And had not Heav'n preserv'd us from their hate,
 (From ruin, saving Britain's sinking State)
 We must have met our dread intended Fate:
 When they breath'd nothing but Fire and Blood,
 Themselves betray'd
 The Plots they had,
 And all their curs'd Designs were blasted in the bud.

A holy Priest, (by Heav'n's appointment)
 Beheld our Wounds with grief,
 By's Country's Wrongs his noble Breast was fir'd,
 To die, or bring relief;
 The threat'ning Storm did not his Soul affright,
 But like the radiant Sun with dazzling Light,
 He rescu'd Albion from eternal Night:
 He boldly did maintain his Cause,
 He knew it just,
 And put his trust
 In him that cou'd protect, and not the World's applause.

At last the Nation rous'd with this Alarm,
 (The Danger plain to all,
 Saw 'twas time to avoid th' approaching Storm,
 Or tamely Victims fall;
 But when from Death-like Dreams they did arise,
 And shook lethargick dulness from their Eyes,
 They found they had almost too late grown wise:
 Surpris'd the Precipice they view'd,
 They just had escap'd,
 And almost leap'd
 With certain Death before, behind by Foes pursu'd.

The Whigs enrag'd to see themselves oppos'd,
 When Masters of the State,
 The hidden Secrets of their Hearts disclos'd,
 Which they thought intricate;
 Resolv'd his ruin as their birt'nest Foe,
 And crush him now, that he might not headstrong grow;
 So end him and his Party at a blow:
 The sawcy Tories they would teach
 At such a time
 It was a Crime
 For Loyal Priests to dare the truth to preach.

(10)
Now the bold-speaking worthy Priest's confid'
To end the fatal Strife,
And Justice too made use of as a blind
To take an innocent Life;
The willing Queen, unable was to save,
Too late she found, to them her Power she gave,
They left her but the Name, now that they'd have:
The highest Court on Earth prepar'd,
That Church and State
Might meet their Fate,
With pompous Shew, in life despis'd, at death rever'd.

At last the dread appointed day draws near,
Which held us in suspense,
To see that solemn awful Court appear,
To try a small Offence;
It was indeed a most uncommon day,
To see the Crown and Subjects strive for sway,
Whether they the Queen, or the Queen should them obey:
The Priest's accus'd, and brought for shew,
Yet call'd a Tool,
A harmless Fool,
It was not him they fear'd, sound Doctrine was their Foe.

Those who shou'd prove the Pillars of the Church,
And in her Cause shou'd die,
Most villainously left her in the lurch,
Whene'er the Storm drew nigh:
Such Weather-cocks of State betray their Trust,
Ne'er vex their Brains to see whose Cause is just,
But still are sure to join with th' uppermost:
To no Religion they are true,
Tories, Atheists,
Whigs, or Deists,
With ev'ry Change of State their Principles are new.

Yet some are left, who live their Church to serve,
It's Doctrine they uphold,
From that for lucre they will never swerve,
But in the right be bold;
Who cannot veer with ev'ry little blast,
Humour the present Times, while they do last,
Then trim with the next, and rail at the past.
Such Principles they ha'n't imbib'd,
Let who will reign,
They're still the same,
Ne'er by a Party mov'd, nor thoughts of Int'rest brib'd.

The dubious Tryal spun out many days;
 They quoted their own Laws,
 Made Speeches, say'd and hus'd, try'd all such ways,
 To gild so bad a Cause;
 Their Party proving strong, they gain'd their Ends;
 They found him guilty, yet he's not condemn'd;
 To shew it was his Doctrine they arraign'd
 Tho's Crime was great, his Doom was mild;

The Tories lost
 But to their cost

The Whigs soon found their Projects all were Trill'd

The World now plainly saw their cur'd intent;
 With horror we perceiv'd

On England's ruin their base Souls were bent;

Were she not timely sav'd:

The Q—n repented that she did disgrace,

Her only faithful Friends, to fill their place,

With Britain's Foes, disturbers of her Peace:

She's now resolv'd to change the Scale,

Her People please,

With joy and ease,

And set those at the Helm who burn with publick Zeal

The Change begins with joyful loud Applause,

The Whigs must quit the Field,

Ruin on all sides preys upon their Cause,

At last they're forc'd to yield;

Vaunting without their Aid she cou'd not reign,

They thought t' affright her, but these boasts were vain,

Her firm resolves, kind Heaven did sustain.

The D—h—s too must frowns and pouts,

The ill-bred Cur,

Did make a stir,

And dar'd to say, 'twas wrong that they should be turn'd out

Their Project's broke, the Reins of Empire lost,

By which they rul'd the Crown,

Their aspiring hopes too levell'd with the Dust,

Yet must sit tamely down;

Hell's hop'd for aid in vain they did implore,

So often baffled, she had spent her store

To help her Friends, and cou'd supply no more

With Envy swell'd, and burning Gall,

She saw this strange

Unlook'd for Change,

Which dash'd her towering hopes of being *Albion's*

Albion's

Albion, whose immortal Fame has reach'd the Sky,
 Plac'd like the firmest Rock, new rise her own vast
 Which the foaming Billows of the Main Waves,
 And calmly bears the shock; ; and a bed of
 Maugre all foreign Force, and all her own
 With an awful and the vanquish'd World commands,
 Secure from all but her own rebellious Hands,
 Kind Heav'n thus is most propitious,
 Those Blessings do
 That we enjoy,
 For which her gracious Favours barely we abuse.

This Storm o'er-blown the Sky was calm and clear,
 England receiv'd again,
 As tho' new created she did appear,
 Not as when Whigs did reign;
 Then Care and Discontent sat on each Brow,
 Our Isle's great Genius to Knaves did bow,
 So diff'rent were those Times from what they're now:
 When Britain's Pride's to serve her Queen,
 When smiling Peace
 Adorns each Face,
 And Plenty's brightest Joys are each where seen.

The vanquish'd Fiend drag'd at this defeat,
 Many Efforts did make,
 As oft without Success she did retreat,
 Her Forces were too weak;
 She saw our Joys in a successive round,
 The dazzling light her Senses did confound,
 She cou'd but curse, and Curves cou'd not wound:
 Despair does make the Vanquish'd brave,
 By Hell she swore
 She'd try once more,
 T' avenge her injur'd Friends before the World she'd leave.

She pry'd into the Secrets of each Heart,
 To see what lurk'd within,
 To find a Tool who'd play the Villain's part,
 And boggle at no Sin;
 One who'd his Country or his King betray,
 His Benefactor's love with hate repay,
 As he were sworn Hell's Service to obey:
 Just such a one too soon she found,
 Whom God or Law
 Cou'd never awe,
 Yet shelter'd, cherish'd here, by Obligations bound.

The

The Queen's wise Council, who so brightly shined
Hell can't their lustre bear, (O) The Countess's bright
Who firmly stand the Pillars of the Throne, Con'd not
And watch with wakeful Care; Give their
Them the Fiend hates; his them he would destroy, Till
And in their room her factious Tools employ, No longer
That she might the charms of Amity enjoy, Due with
Her Imp betray'd his native Trust, O much too
Yet we must save him yet But did he
That hellish Slave, We must
What hopes were there that he to us should prove just?

But Heav'n who always his faith guards, Thus the
To light his Treach'ry brought, Continuing
His curs'd and villainous Designs were made, Most
Which our Destruction sought, No thought
When he perceiv'd his Plots discover'd were, His Rage
Approaching Ruin cast him in despair, Forgetting
Death he desir'd, Life was not worth his Care, He blindly
He impiously his Days did spend, From Hell
Now Death is near, Whole
Quite void of Fear, Did both
In the same wicked Course his wretched Life he'd end,

When this resolve th' abandon'd Wretch did frame, O Hark
On Death his Soul was bent, With these
Bold and compos'd he to the Council came, While
As he were Innocent; And hung
Yet when his Crimes were publicly display'd, Sad
That Courage prov'd but false, weak was its aid, All noble
His conscious Heart his Countenance betray'd, The impious
Then thus he thought: Come, sweet Revenge, Long may
Since I must die, For Church
Fresh Rage supply, Will fill
That e'er I fall, I may, my self, my Death avenge.

Thus with Hell's fury arm'd, the Villain drew,
A lurking treach'rous Knife,
With a hungry Tyger's rage th' on Harry flew,
To prey upon his Life;
Tho' that stroke did not satisfy his Will,
He knew, more Loyal Blood he cou'd not spill,
One who had prov'd our careful Guardian still:
He smil'd to see the Hero bleed,
Call'd Death his Fee,
To be so slow,
When's utmost he had done, and glory'd in the Deed.

D

The

The Council's bloody hands, and the Queen's
 (O barb'rous curs'd attempt)
 Cou'd not, (amaz'd at the horrid sight)
 Give their just fury vent.
 'Till St. John, of great merit
 No longer cou'd, his flaming sword
 But with the Villain's blood his sword
 O much too mild, too gentle would

But did he live, we must forgive
 We must forgive, that health
 For equal to his Crime, no Torment cou'd be found

Thus th' unrepenting Wretch, his Breath
 Continuing to the last, his Treach'ry
 Most harden'd in his Sin, and his
 No thoughts of what was past
 His Refuge he betray'd, and his
 Forgetting that to Judgment he must come,
 He blindly, headlong rush'd upon his Doom,
 From Hell not such a Friend cou'd save
 Whose Life, whose End,

Did both contend
 Which shou'd most wicked prove, and Heaven most despise

O Harly, how we long'd for thy return,
 With thee all Joys were fed,
 While England's Genius did thy absence mourn,
 And hung her drooping Head;
 Sad Albion in thy Sickness bore a part,
 All noble Breasts with inward Wounds of smart,
 The impious Knife transfix'd each British Heart,
 Long may'st thou Britain's Guardian stand,
 For Church and State
 Will still be great

While Harly does protect them with his powerful Hand

May all such Villains who'd disturb our Isle,
 Their just Reward obtain,
 May Heav'n on their Endeavours never smile;
 But make their Projects vain;
 May Patriots still be found to prove our Right,
 Who dare in Britain's Cause both speak and fight,
 And make their Country's Good their chief Delight,
 Such as do now support the Crown,

Who still appear
 When Danger's near,
 To defend their Country, and protect the Throne

May

May this Isle be ever bless'd with plenteous Peace,
No Care her Pleasures throw,

But smiling Joys still sparkle in each Face,
All pure without a Cloud;

May the Blessings know no end that on her wait,
No Schism in her Church, nor Faction in her State,
That she may be justly call'd the fortunate;

Fear'd by the Devil, and Honour'd by the God,
Let th' Olive Bough

While triumphant Laurus her Arms do gain Abroad;

Faction, now finds she's lost beyond retrieve,

Flying the hated Light,

Nor's blessed Days despairing to retrieve,

She dwells in endless Night;

In liquid Burnings, and in dry,

In Heat and Cold alternately,

There with her Friends in sulphurous Flames she roars,

Rending Hell's gloomy Shades with screams and howls,

While thoughts of Guilt distress their conscious Souls,

In Torments without end they'll lie,

From brimstone Flames

To Beds of Snow,

Variety of Pains

They'll know

Still in the Racks of Death, ~~and they must never die~~

The Conclusion.

THUS Noble Peers, ye've seen how Whigs did reign,
And if Supreme Command they e'er obtain,
The same curs'd Footsteps they will tread again.
Our Gracious Q—n perceives their deep Design
Was Kingly Government to undermine,
Tread on the Crown, and trample Right Divine.
But since such able Ministers are chosen,
Whose faithful care can disappoint her Foes
Their Projects countermine, and Plots disclose;
Keep them in Awe, on their Proceedings frown,
Let them not rise again, but press them down,
Lest they attempt once more to insult the Crown.
They want no Prince, they wou'd the Sceptre sway,
That they might make this Isle their lawful Prey,
And not be bound a Sovereign to obey.
A gentle Nature ne'er can bend the proud,
By kind, indulging means they wou'd be bow'd,
For Mercy's laugh'd at by the stubborn Crowd:
If they prove harden'd in rebellious Ill,
Let severest Justice curb their head-strong will,
And the grumbling Curs will tremble and lye still.

FINIS.

THE